

The Comicall Historic of

Por. Have by some Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Jew. Is it so nominated in the Bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.

Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well,
Greevenot that I am false to this for you:

For herein Fortune shewes her selfe more kind.
Then is her custome: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceffe of *Antonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, speake me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
He pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, who I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These

the Merchant of Venice.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expresse are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy Bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doest shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiscate
Unto the State of *Venice*.

Grat. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desir'st.

Grat. O learned judge, marke Jew, a learned judge.

Jew. I take his offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft no haile,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Grat. O Jew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or lesse then a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavie in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale do turne

H 2

But